

## Bump by veausy

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**Summary:**

“Mmph,” Mike mumbles into her skin, a puff of air and a grunt. She grins and lifts the hand of the arm he’s lying on to card through his hair. He’s grown it out again like it was when they were kids, and she loves the silky waves of it between her fingers.

“Sleep,” she murmurs back to him quietly, so quietly that maybe it’ll blend into his dreams. “It’s early.”

# Bump

## Author's Note:

Y'all seemed miffed with my last piece ... my bad.  
Here's atonement?

It's dark when she feels him slide into bed.

There's a faint, familiar light from the ceramic foyer lamp swimming over the carpeted hallway and dropping gently through the doorway into the room, and El blinks at it blearily, unsure for some long moments of what woke her.

There's quiet shuffling, the soft sounds of cloth dropping to the floor. Her lips curl in tired amusement; she'll be having to pick up after him in the morning.

The two thick downy blankets she's got wrapped around herself and bunched up under her side to cling to have warmed in the hours she's been sleeping. There's a little alcove of cold by her feet that startles her when she shifts to the side to look at Mike.

He doesn't notice her gaze, pulling loose pajama pants on and lazily tying the string before carefully climbing onto the mattress. She sees how the moonlight bounces off the lean shape of him, tinting with blues and purples the milky skin of his chest and shoulders, blinks at the sight wondrously.

"Hey," she says as quietly as she can, voice cracking back and forth along a whisper.

Mike shuffles forward under the blankets, spooning behind her with his knees tucked behind hers, one hand immediately seeking warmth on her stomach over the thin material of her nightshirt.

"Hi, sorry for waking you," he whispers into her hair, dropping soft pecks down the side of her ear and neck. "The essays took a while to grade, and I had to go back and change the curve."

El settles back into the sheets, one hand wrapped around his and a

hum slowly working itself out of her on a deep yawn. “S okay.”

They lie like that for some time, breaths evening and slowing, and then, as she’s on the precipice of dreams, she feels Mike’s hand slip lower and tuck under the hem of her shirt, bare skin on bare skin. His palm is warm and wide and a little rough from the unrelenting winter air, but he settles it on the curve of her belly and sighs contentedly.

Then, she’s asleep.

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Her eyes open again as dawn begins to break through the windows, oranges and pinks washing over the latte of their walls.

She blinks herself mostly awake and stares at the chunks of light, the ceiling, the white paneling of the doors she can see from the bed. Mike’s deep breathing is steady beside her, one arm slung over her middle and his nose buried in her neck.

It’s getting harder to lie for long periods in certain positions, and her back protests a little as she tries to shift.

“Mmph,” Mike mumbles into her skin, a puff of air and a grunt. She grins and lifts the hand of the arm he’s pillowed on to card through his hair. He’s grown it out again like it was when they were kids, and she loves the silky waves of it between her fingers.

“Sleep,” she murmurs back to him quietly, so quietly that maybe it’ll blend into his dreams. “It’s early.”

Her shirt rode up a lot during the night, caught under Mike’s heavy arm, one side of it tucked into her armpit and the other hovering near her hip. She snorts and tries to take back her modesty, pulling at the hem to drop back over her bare breast, but Mike grunts again, still well under but more agitated. She rubs his elbow soothingly and sighs.

The clock blinks red at her through the grayish haze. There’s three hours to go before she absolutely must be vertical, and she has a feeling she’ll wake up a few more times before she has to leave for work anyway.

Her hand drifts off Mike's forearm and down to her stomach, massaging her hips and sides where they ache.

"Sleep," she says again, knowing Mike won't hear it.

It takes some time, but her eyes close eventually, and she drifts off.

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Some time later, discomfort filters through the recesses of her mind and slowly breaks down the comfort of sleep.

There's a crick in her neck and a stifling heat all around her, her hair nearly dripping from how hard she's been sweating. The room is brighter, yellow hues mixing on the walls and warming the space visually. She tries to catch her breath and heaves quietly, but it's difficult to move.

She feels around blindly with her hands, one landing in a mop of hair by her waist and the other on the twisted up material of their two blankets, vaguely moist from her tossing and turning.

Mike's slid down the mattress to press himself against her hip and thigh, face burrowing into her stomach like he'd been settled there just for thinking purposes and then accidentally fell asleep.

El brushes his hair a little and inhales deeply, the air of the room cooler than the air under the blankets she now elects to kick away with uncoordinated limbs. Mike doesn't wake, but he hums low in his throat and cuddles closer with his cheek along the line of her body.

The heat isn't so stifling once she has found its source, and she cups one hand around his head and the other around his arm, which is hanging over her thighs with the fingers spread over her ribs protectively.

Despite the copious sweating, she must have slept through the rise in temperature for quite a while. The clock says she still has an hour left. She listens for what woke her, but it must not have been anything outside herself. The discomfort and distress come from within her now, she realizes with both dread and excitement. Her eyes, wide open just moments before, are heavy again almost

instantaneously, all panic assuaged and causes of concern accounted for.

She smiles faintly. Things are changing.

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A kick wakes her.

It's a muted kick, not threatening. She would wonder about it, but she's so snug, it takes a few seconds for her to convince herself not to give in to the pull of dreams again.

Another kick, and it's very strange. Like she's having indigestion.

She opens her eyes and meets the bewildered, round ones of Mike, who's sitting up above her. She glances down to see her shirt rolled to just above her ribs, both of his large hands sitting spread wide on her stomach.

"What -" she begins feebly, but then she feels it again. A kick from inside, like a gas bubble or a heartbeat. Mike's face stretches into a wide grin, his palms pressing closer to her skin. "It's -?"

He nods, once, slowly, eyes dropping back to where he's holding her. "I felt it once about five minutes ago, but it got really active when you were waking up."

El moves to sit up, and he helps her, one strong arm under her shoulders as they work together to lean her up against the headboard.

The sight of her round stomach is surreal, even after all these months of watching it grow. Some days she just sits and stares at it for what feels like hours, tracing the curve of it with nimble fingers and watching goose bumps rise in their wake.

Now, she stares as the skin morphs and bends a little, the weirdest sight, a bump off to the side and the resounding sensation of a gentle punch to accompany it. She laughs breathily.

"This is - it's the first time?" Mike asks.

She nods with her mouth open, unable to take her eyes off her stomach, waiting for more kicks eagerly.

“It’s a fighter,” her husband says, proudly. El blinks up at him once with a warm look, and then focuses again. “Takes after you,” he adds, more quietly, more smugly.

Another kick distorts the smoothness of her tan skin, just one spot, right under her ribs, over and over. The baby’s found the attention it was looking for and is steadily continuing to batter at what has worked before. She smiles to herself. Takes after Mike.

Long minutes drag by as they sit there quietly and watch, one of Mike’s hands cupped lower on her abdomen, pushing the band of her shorts down with the heel of it. Eventually, the kicks stop, and she can feel the kid turn over and settle, silence so serene within her so that she almost thinks she’s alone inhabiting her body again.

Mike’s head lowers until it rests on her shoulder, and then he pulls the blankets up over them once more. El leans her cheek on his crown, finally hearing the gentle sounds of the outside world begin to filter in.

There’s a hum buzzing through the air from the refrigerator in the kitchen, the static noise of cars outside. The clock shows four minutes before her alarm rings, and the room is so bright now, there’s no chance of dozing off again even for a second. She desperately needs a shower and some water, and she decides she’ll make Mike fetch it while she attempts to haul her large, bloated, uncooperative body out of bed.

Not right away, though.

She intertwines the fingers of her left and his right hands, settling the bundle on the rise of her bump. She watches the sunshine streaming in, listens to the white noise, prepares herself for another day of work. She can wait four minutes.

### **Author's Note:**

Honestly, I don't have the luxury of writing as much

as I have been; too many ideas and too little time.  
If I reach a decent number of hits on everything I've posted for the last 2 months, maybe I'll set some time aside to work on something longer.

Thanks to all my loyal readers for your unwavering support! I always want to please and impress you <3